UN MAYOR ACERAMIENTO
por Philip A. de la Rosa

Por primera vez en la historia gloriosa de este hemisferio, ha sido posible que un grupo de hombres que representan a la mayor parte de los habitantes de las américas, se hayan reunido bajo un mismo techo para estudiar la misma materia. Es muy simbólico que haya sido la aviación la que motivó este acontecimiento de tan grán transcendencia para la compenetración y mejor entendimiento entre los ciudadanos de este continente.

En mi posición como coordinador de estudios de casi un centenar de estos jóvenes de la América Latina he tenido oportunidad en tratarlos a fondo, cambiar impresiones y aconsejárselos, por lo cual estimo que estoy en posición de hacer algunas observaciones útiles al movimiento de interamericismo.

Rapidez Del Latinoamericano

En general el estudiante latinoamericano posee características de facil comprensión y rápida coordinación entre el cerebro y el músculo, que le hace destacarse entre otros estudiantes. Como me han indicado varios de los instructores, los estudiantes latinoamericanos trabajan con gran celeridad y concentración, por lo cual terminan la labor que se les encomienda en un tiempo mucho más corto que el que le toma al estudiante norteamericano, esto a veces oblicua que se impresenten al quedarse luego sin hacer nada. La asimilación del latinoamericano es tambien muy rápida, por lo cual a varios no les parece haber aprendido mucho de cierto tema, cuando la verdad es que han adquirido bastantes conocimientos.

Enseñanza en Inglés

Muchos de ellos llegaron sin saber mucho inglés, naturalmente en las ciudades y talleres se extrañaron de la enseñanza en este idioma, pero ahora después de varios meses se han dado cuenta de las ventajas,

Please turn to Page 2, Col. 4

FOUND! THE MAN!
Remember last week’s story about the new employee who rode his bicycle from Miami to Arcadia, and we predicted that he would “Go Places”? Well, on our tour of the Bases recently, Doré Field’s CHARLINE ELLE identified this mystery man for us ... he’s WHEELER FREDMAN and Charline says, “... he’s a fine fellow, and certainly will go places!” Incidentally, he’s only 19 years old, likes his work on the Maintenance Crew at Carlstrom, is energetic, likeable and already has been made Scoutmaster of the Arcadia Troop of the Boy Scouts of America.

WE HEARD that EMMITT BROWN, Municipal Base graduate, got married recently.

FIRST NEWS REPORT FROM NEW R. A. I. FIELD AT UNION CITY

by Larry I. Walden, Jr.

It’s a “big little town” way up in the northwest corner of Tennessee ... Union City, by name, and right now the predominant sound around the town is sawing and hammerin’. You guessed it, Embry-Riddle is building another primary flight training field, and while we’re the youngest members of the School, you can expect to hear a great deal from this outfit.

Like at Carlstrom, Doré and Riddle Fields, the speed with which the buildings are going up here is amazing. At this writing, one hangar, the Administration Building, Mess Hall and one barracks are just about completed, with the rest of the construction close behind. Upon completion of the buildings and the landscaping, our field will be a place with which everyone will be proud to be associated.

Introducing Army Personnel

The U. S. Army officers and men who are now in Union City are: the Commanding Officer, Captain W. M. James, Captain John L. Payne, Post Adjutant, Captain Charles Breeding, Supply and Engineering Officer, First Lt. Harold Timreck, Medical Officer, First Lt. Donald W. Hamblin, Intelligence Officer, First Lt. William B. Mackey, Personnel Officer, Master Sergeant, H. C. Dickinson, Sergeant Major, Master Sergeant Daniel J. Cooley, Supply Sergeant, Technical Sergeant William H. Brewer, Technical Inspector, Staff Sergeant John P. McCord, Engineering Operation Clerk, Sergeant S. H. Williams, Corporal Carl M. Stepalovitch, Private Howard E. Walters, Medical Staff. We might add that we are sure that our association with these men will be more than pleasant and we are highly optimistic.

We have been enjoying true Southern hospitality. Last Saturday and Sunday we were the guests of Mr. McNulty and Mr. Ralph Morton at Reelfoot Lake.

Reported “Missing in Action”

Typical of Major General Clarence L. Tinker (second from right) is the sad story that comes to us from the Pacific battle-front, ... last seen LEADING a bombing attack against enemy operations. Famed for his insistence on active service and the fact that he would never ask his men to do anything that he, himself, wouldn’t do, General Tinker is shown above with R.A.F. Air Marshals A. H. Harris and A. G. R. Corrold, “Boss” Riddle and Brig. Gen. George E. Stratmeyer, right, at e rib roast given at conclusion of his inspection of Doré and Carlstrom Fields, Arcadia, several months ago.
ANANAMUS

Twas some time back now that Ted Treff gave his party for the Accounting Department, but the memory still lingers. Gee, he had a nice place, 'specially the back yard! And needless to say, a good time was had by all. Lucille says the next one is on and Jimmy. Well, good!

The Booksies seem to have hit a bit of a slump, but now that Hillstand is back, you can look for the return of that famous bookie style. Rinehart will snap 'em out of nowhere, Treff will play his usual very tight short center, Miller will make his spectacular stops at short, Hillstand will tag 'em out at first, Hawes, Bowen, James and James will keep up the batting average, and Grindell will blow up in the seventh! No more losses from now on!

Madge Kessler still seems to have trouble with the Cafeteria, but Bowen and Aberger have solved their eating problem. Nothing but "home-cooked" meals for them.

Well, Mom, work is pressing and news is scarce. So bye now.

"Ananamus"

THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY

—THE MORE PLANES WE'll FLY—

SEEN SUNDAY at the Deauville were JACK OTT and HARRY AUDETTE, Municipal Base flight graduates. Jack is now an Ensign in the Navy, a flight instructor at Corpus Christi home on leave; Harry will begin his Navy flight training within the next two weeks.

** June 18, 1942 **

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** PROGRAM **

The Riddle "Family Theatre"

Feature Picture

"RENFREW"

Monday, June 22nd—Riddle Field
Tuesday, June 23rd—Dorr Field
Wednesday, June 24th—Carlstrom Field
Thursday, June 25th—Miami Technical Division

** ** **

Feature Picture

"DANIEL BOONE"

Thursday, June 25th—Riddle Field
Friday, June 26th—Dorr Field
Monday, June 29th—Miami Technical Division

For exact time and place, see your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents
**CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS**

**Jack Hobler, Editor**

**Flash!** !

After a year of intensive, feverish competition on the links, Jack Hunt finally beat Sid Pfluger in a game of golf—one up. The fact that Sid was playing under a stroke per hole handicap may have had something to do with the sudden change in Jack's coming out on the wrong end of the continuous tournament, but there must have also been quite an improvement in the man's game. (This item was given top billing this week at Mr. Pfluger's request; he generously desired Mr. Hunt to get the credit due him.)

**At Long Last . . .**

The biggest story of the week concerns the capitulation of two of the operatives in the field's Army administration offices. These two people, loved and esteemed by their co-workers—and, incidentally, by each other—have finally decided to pool their resources and mutual affections in plighting their troth. And, we might add, it's about time! Many a time we have passed this couple of an evening, and tastefully turned our head so as not to see or hear sweet nothings not intended for our eyes or ears. Many a time we have had to run off weekly exams on the mimeograph machine in the front office and have helplessly seen, though trying not to, a certain young lady there go all to pieces emotionally when a certain sergeant found it necessary to enter that office for business or other reasons.

And we feel just a little bit hurt about the whole thing as it has finally turned out. You see, aside from a mere passing mention of such carryings-on existing in a previous column, we have graciously avoided further ribbing on the subject in the hopes that, seeing we were being so fine and noble about the affair, the people concerned would at least let us be the first to know. However, our kind- ness has not been so rewarded, for the announcement of the engagement of Mary Frances Beverly to Staff Sergeant Vernon Burrows appeared last week in the ARCADIAN.

Now we watch Mary Frances proudly displaying her ring of sparklers with the frustrated knowledge that we have been "scooped." Well, much as it hurts, we will still go on being fine and noble. We understand the happy day will occur sometime in September, and we sincerely trust that we will be the first to know when the exact date will be.

**Concrete Example**

Cadets in Bill Gracey's THEORY class the other day were surprised by the sudden appearance of Harry Newman near the end of the class shouting, "As soon as you guys get through here I want you to come outside and look at this cumulonimbus cloud!" It seems that Harry, who teaches these same boys Meteorology, had been lying on the lawn gazing at the formation building up for almost an hour; as Joe Woodward put it, Harry had been raising that cloud from a pup, and didn't want his boys to miss it.

**Odds and Ends**

The newly enlarged Operations Tower is nearing completion and looks like big time stuff. Its four floors will provide ample room; we hope, for the large Operations gang, as well as affording them far better visual command of the entire field. One of its high-class innovations is the installation of sliding, green-tinted plate glass panes on the top floor, with no framework to obstruct vision. We're told the panes are made to slide back to permit Clete Huff to yell his instructions (particularly for landing) to his cadets.

**Letters to the Editor**

This past week brought us a letter from an old classmate of 41-H. Lieutenant Pat Shannon writes us that he is instructing student bombardiers somewhere in the southwest U.S.A. and that he is "really nuts about it." Strangely enough, Pat's pilot is Lieutenant Gar Birmingham, also of Carlstrom's 41-H, whose "excellent flying ability and handling of the ship makes good marks for the cadets very easy to get," according to Pat. Still another classmate, Lieutenant Durward Harper, is instructing in the twin-engine school there. Any members of that class who wish the actual address of these men can write us for it.

**Idle Chatter**

There goes another class. Five more Flights going on to Basi, happy. So long boys, good luck to you all and don't forget us.

All those who can, no doubt, will step up and make the acquaintance of our new Sgt. Seiple. He's a "fur-piece" from his home folks in St. Louis, so let's try to make him feel at home in our family.

You all know our friend McMullan out there in Hanger 2? Well did you know that he just brought his Taylorcraft over from Boca Raton? Now we will feel safe in waving when that plane goes over the house again. I guess I was born a scardy-cat, 'cause I know they would have to give me chloroform to get me inside and up.

I always knew I was livin' in a fishin' country but did you ever hear so many stories about the amounts caught and the sizes? These Guards are going to keep on talking until I break down and go out and try my luck. If I make a haul you would all go for some "hushpuppies" and swamp cabbage, too.

I've told you all before that I miss everything and I feel badly when I do but now that I missed seeing our C.O. take up a plane and do the things the others brag about I am "down," down right slighted, and that's a fact. Do he ever fly at night?

Had Capt. Nethery pointed out to me the other afternoon, and I don't think I would feel nervous if he cut my head off and said it ought to be sewed on the opposite way. Maybe I better take my ears up to him 'cause I don't hear very much gossip these days. Will try to do better next time.

Night P. B. X.

--- THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY ---

--- THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY ---

Borrowed from Dur Aero Tech

We Present the Psalms of a Flyer

1.-As the telephone operator who giveth the wrong number, so is he who extolleth his exploits in the air.

2.-He shall enlarge upon the danger of his adventures, but in my sleeves shall be heard the tinkling of silvery laughter.

3.-Let not thy familiarity with airplanes breed contempt, lest thou become exceedingly careless at a time when care is necessary to thy well being.

4.-My son, obey the law and observe prudence, Spin thou not lower than 1500 cubits, nor sturt above thine own domicile, for the
Graduating Air Corps Technicians Win Special Honors

TECHNICAL DIVISION—At a graduation banquet held Saturday night in the Tech School Mess Hall, the second group of Army Air Corps Technical trainees received diplomas, and high praise from Major George Field, speaker. Winning special recognition as high ranking men in their class were Privates Arthur Woods, John Morroop, Jr., and Eugene Klinger, pictured above in that order, with School President John Paul Riddle, Major Field, and A. W. Throgmorton, director of the Technical Division.

TECH TALK

Or Am I Running A Matrimonial Bureau?

by Betty Jo Beller

Well, here goes nothing. If all you critics only knew that this thing of being a guest editor or writer or pamphlin’ isn’t what it’s cracked up to be, you wouldn’t be so critical. I understand that in the weeks to come there are going to be more and more guest writers. I think they’ll understand what I mean by the above statement, after they have tried a hand at it. Anyway, here I go:

More New Faces

Wherever you look you’ll see a new face. It seems that our Embry-Riddle family just can’t stop expanding.

If you should wander around Mr. Turner’s legal department you’ll find blonde, Pat McNamara. She’s a Miami girl but has been away to school at Tallahassee. (Majored, in Commerce and Economics.) From the face she made when I asked her that question I know she is just crazy about the two subjects. Pat’s an unattached female.

Unattached and Unafraid

I’ve heard a lot of the Tech School Romeos exclaim that the school is full of good looking girls but they’re all married. May I at this time inform them that they are quite wrong. In my wanderings I found over so many unattached and unafraid females.

Corrections:

Bein’ Editor of the Fly Paper is fun . . . sometimes! But when we make a mistake . . . thou a different story, and we DO admit that we labeled a Dorr Field picture Carlston Field, last week, and have heard about it . . . but plenty! However, we did the same thing applies to both fields, and both fields have equally swell Cadets . . . so no harm was done!
old stamping ground and seems to be very happy. Welcome back. It seems that the Bruce Family is very well represented with both Betty and Katherine in our family.

Prejudiced, Maybe? Speaking of the Purchasing department, which happens to be the players just as the team Tumbush, Jim Bennett, or George made a lot of friends while he was here and we really hated to see him go. He took up his new post the first of June and between George and the rest of us way down here he is welcome to the headache.

J. M. Roberts, formerly of the Materiel Control Office, has been transferred to the place of our old friend Bill Jacobs, who has become an operator in the Radio Department. Roberts is now head of Post Supply up there.

B. W. Goding, who was in the Dory Field Mess Hall has returned to Miami, and gone on the inventory crew. He replaces George Wygant, Jr. who has left to enter the Officers Training School; and Eugene Kelley, also of the Inventory crew has gone on the cards in the Materiel Control Office.

Three New Faces
Three new men have been added to the Payroll at Tech School, G. S. Duncan is our new card clerk, J. F. James has been added in the fourth floor stockroom, and W. W. McGough is in the main floor stockroom.

At Municipal Stockroom we now have W. A. Daniels, who served his apprenticeship at the Carlstrom Field Mess Hall Stockroom. (I don't get it!) His place was taken by Charles A. Vetter. Wait! Mr. Duffy, an ex-runner at Riddle has been promoted to the Post Supply at the same field. And up at Dorr, the vacancy in the Mess Hall Stockroom was filled by John F. Lowe who is a brother of Peggy Lowe, the Information Post writer.
DEAR BUD:

I did it! Yes, sir, I did! For quite some time I have been confronted by various people with the fact that we do have a swimming pool (a very nice one), tennis courts, basketball, etc.—but who knew how to use them? Who would teach us how?

You may have noticed, as you enter the Canteen from the North, a small office on your right. There you will find at your service at any time five strong men who can, if you desire, break your left arm off at the shoulder, wrap it up and put it under your right to take home with you.

This one particular day when I felt my very best, I entered the office like a lion and roared, “Give me some dope for the FLY PAPER.” AND I jumped back when I saw all five Physical Instructors staring me in the face. After numerous questions I was able to piece together the following information re these men:

First Of All

We have Lt. A. M. “Ali” Jennings who is the Director of Athletics at Dorr Field. Looking back to 1939 we find he rec’d his B. S. Degree at the University of Illinois, went on in the same school and obtained his M. S. While an undergraduate at the University he competed in Gymnastics, was Captain of (as we all know) the “Big Ten”—the Western Conference Champions—who also won the Mid-Western A.A.U. Championships. Upon Graduation Lt. Jennings was appointed Assistant Gymnastic Coach, retaining that position until October, 1941.

John C. Hamilton

Of New York State graduated from Springfield College in 1939; while in college Mr. Hamilton was undefeated in four years dual competition in wrestling; also represented S.L.U. at N.C.A.A. for two years. For four years he served as Assistant Trainer at S.L.U. In 1940 he was Director of Health and Physical Education and in 1941 became Coach and Teacher at Greenport High School.

Hallow Merrill

The big boy who doesn’t say much but always has a smile for everyone; he hail’s from way up there in Maine. Graduate—1936—Springfield College—B. S. Degree in Physical Education; received Master Degree in 1937 from the same college. After leaving College Merrill did physical-therapy at Maine General Hospital, Portland, Me., Athletic Director for 2 years at North Yarmouth Academy; coached Baseball, Basketball and Soccer at Greely Institute, Cumberland Center, Me. Also played semi-pro baseball.

Next We Have

J. F. Kitchens (Kitch) who came from a town called Meridian in the state of Mississippi; he attended and graduated from University of Alabama in 1939 with B. S. Degree in Physical Education. His college sports were track and basketball, he was a distance runner and at the present time holds the two mile record at University of Alabama. He was teacher and coach at Allelo al College (Alabama), also Director of Physical Education for the Mercedes High School in Texas.

Mr. Marian Roberts

Another attractive blond chap, graduated with A. B. Degree from Eastern Kentucky Teachers College and then went to Louisiana State University where he received his M. S. His particular sports are Basketball and track; participated in semi-pro basketball for two years; worked as athletic director at Cubage High School, Cubage, Kentucky, The State School for Deaf, Baton Rouge, La., Cullman High School, Cullman, Alabama and later to Radford High School, Radford, Virginia.

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE’LL FLY—

DORR DOINGS

by Av/Cadet Grayson Stalnecker

Well, we’ve been scouting around this past week, and managed to dig a little dirt on our fellow cadets. Any similarity between the truth and the items herein is purely coincidental.

First off, we want to straighten it out once and for all—we do not belong to Charles Atlas’ Health Club, and are not expecting a set of muscles in the next mail.

Don’t Argue This One!

We were Yehodie-ing around the flight line ‘bother day, and stopped to listen to 9G Westerholman ex-pound on the finer points of flying. He doesn’t agree with Wholess that the throttle instead of the stick should be pushed forward to come out of a spin. Wholess is doubtful. We notice that Tinnell carries a wishbone in his jumper for good luck, while C. E. Travis carries a lock of blond hair. It’s the only one he has left, and he treasures it no end.

Canteen Canterings

Peggy Bars has decided on R. Dorr currently, so that bars Bars ... Margie Roberts seems to prefer instructors, but Joe is using all the Battleground he knows ... Betty Ballinger appears interested in one student officer. Another good reason for wanting a commission ... Bing, of the busted wing, is occupying much of Dotty Fowler’s time...

Speaking of Dotty, Rosenberg and Shottland aren’t, after trying some of her fancy cokes. Three witnesses for Rosie staggered out. Shottland crawled ... B. Seaman is revising his correspondence. Two lady visitors at the same time is too much. No hair pulling resulted, but his turned grey ... Rumor has it (always has it) that B. Estes will be GRACEing a local preacher’s parlor presently ... Our nomination for the guy who should be writing this column: C. Whittig. Any guy who can write 20 page daily letters to his “angel” could bat out 300 words. And that’s more than we can do.

After his third flight: “Then all you do is cross the controls, ... full throttle, and snap the stick back.” ... Then count three and pull the rip-cord.

Barracks Baloney

Squadron A has its own Wrong Way Corrigan. He’s displayed a marked preference for Carlstrom Field, even on twenty-hour checks. He’d like to find that from one book...

We have one cadet who doesn’t mind being called Names. He’s a bally sort of fellow, thanks to all those vitamin pills. To quote Cromer: “I’ll keep buying Burly vitamin pills as long as his check lasts”...

Some of the boys are wondering who that mountainous mass of feminity was, last seen with Farris and Sawricker. And then some of them don’t have to wonder... Scandal: Bob Levy, engaged, was seen in Sarasota recently, and it wasn’t the one and only. Pompey was demonstrating to his fellow cadets that he could always trust Beleny. He’s changed his mind, but at least he was the first to christen the pool ...

Terry’s friends (?) say, “To look at him, you’d never know he used to sell fish—but look again.”
MENTIONING MUNICIPAL
by Betty Hair Lighthoelder

False Alarm
Last week's column was a false alarm, so disregard it entirely, the
column will continue to be written by me, myself and I... believe me!
In the way of news this week, we would like to mention that
Bascomb Pollard (Jungle Jim) and Carlton Baumgardner left Friday
for Troy, Ohio, to bring back a new Waco... and another thing, just
overheard (ha) someone say, "we have another Waco ready to
be ferried down... I think Lt. Pator would like to "bring it back
alive" for us, using Mr. Gibbons as his Co-Pilot! We're all for it
does he blame them?
Municipal has welcomed two new mechanics according to its fold...
namely Melvin E. Brown and Donald L. McLean—both hail from
Arkansas.

Yoo-Hoo, Georgie!
Heard one of the boys remark the other day, "Who is that cute
brunette walking across the hang-
"... to which he received the re-
ply, "That's not a cute brunette,
that's George Holmated!" It seems
that George wandered into a beauty
shop instead of a barber shop a few days ago... he fell asleep in
the chair?... Pat will stay in Miami for
a while after which time I think
she plans to move lock, stock and
barrel to Clewiston.
Thomas Moxley, former Cross
Country student at Municipal, is
in Miami on sick leave from Ar-
cadia... a speed record recovery
and best of health is wished for Tom
... we know Tom is more than
anxious to return to Carlstrom Field as he was slated for five
students on June 17th.

Who Is Gertrude?

Puzzle of the week—who is Gertrude, this year? Commercial
school class? The amazing part of this puzzle is the fact
that it is an all male class! Wilbur Sheff-
field refuses to talk... please,
Wilbur, the suspense is too much
for us...

The new part-time at Municipal is saving mosquitoes for the
mosquito Inspector... believe me, there are plenty of those pesky
little things around now! We think
there is a slight reward if you can
catch one of a certain species...
we're out to get all of 'em!

So Long!
Elliot "Ben" Meredith is leaving
us for the Army Ferry Service
at Baltimore, Maryland. Also leaving
us is H. E. Merchant who seeks
a place with the Riddle family at
Clewiston or Arcadia, hasn't been
able to figure out just which field
he has situated himself.
Jim Bussey is back flying with
us again after an extended ab-
sence. Jim was in St. Petersburg
undergoing an operation but for
what even Jim doesn't know! Any-
how it was successful and Jim is
looking fine and none the worse
for the ordeal...

We're Telling You!
Bill Dowling one of our old
flight studies is now an M.P. sta-
tonned at the M.P. School, Morri-
son Field, West Palm Beach
... when in town a few days with Mrs.
Dowling he called us up to say
hello to all the old gang. The story
Bill tells us is that when he went
to Camp Blanding he started tell-
ing the fellows what he wanted to
do... so immediately they pro-
ceeded to show him just exactly
what he would have to do... this
Army life is all old stuff to Bill
even though as he has attended
Military Schools, has had R.O.T.C.,
and was a member of the Enlisted Reserve
for a good many years.

RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

As you read this, your Editor-
will be "Back home in Indiana."
(That is, as if you cared). But, at
any rate, Mr. Kenny Berry, one of
our very faithful associate Editors,
will take over for us during my ab-
sence and conduct this Column.

Our Editor
Being of a modest, but far from
tiring nature, our Riddle Field
News Editor, Jack Hopkins, would
never allow too much to be said
about himself in those columns.
Therefore, taking advantage of
his absence, we will tell you some-
thing about "Hoppy."

Doing a fine job of keeping Rid-
dle Field in the news and also
doing excellent work as Link Instruc-
tor, "Hoppy" has thrown away these
wheels, and because of his amiable
friendly relations with both Cadets
and civilians, become a real work-
ing cog in the machinery at Riddle
Field.

So herewith we present Jack "HOPPY" Hopkins as OUR EDI-
TOR, Man of the Week.

Charles Jackson Hopkins—
born September 21, 1921 in
Chesapeake, Indiana. Later moved
to Huntington, Indiana where he
attended and graduated from
Grade School and High School.
After graduation, he was employed
as bookkeeper and then manager
of a Loan Company. He was also
Sports Editor of two newspapers
in Huntington, The Argus and the
Independent. Hopkins was also
connected with several music
organizations, directing a Junior
Choir, singing in a Senior Choir,
and playing the French Horn in an
orchestra.

In December, 1941, he came to
Riddle Field as a Link Dispatcher,
and recently, was promoted to a
Link Instructor. He is also Editor
for the FLY PAPER from Riddle
Field.

Better, known as Jack, or "Hop-
py," our Man of the Week is
6'1 ½" tall and weighs 190 (con-
fidently, he's lost 30 pounds
since coming to Florida.) He has
black hair and dark eyes, and
usually wears glasses. Hoppy is
single and more on the bachelor
type (although that may be hard
to believe after seeing him at
some of the school parties). He
gets quite a bang out of playing
basketball, tennis and ping pong,
and enjoys writing for the FLY
PAPER. One of his greatest am-
bitions at present, is to "Go Back

“HOPPY”

Home Again in Indiana for a visit
in the greatest little city in the
world with the greatest parents
and finest sister a fellow could
have."

Upon checking with the Ac-
counting Department, we found
that Riddle Field is still not quite
100% in its voluntary purchases
of War Bonds and Stamps. How-
ever, 87% of all employees have
done their part in this noble work.
Below are the percentages of em-
ployees signed up, listed by depart-
ments:

Army Supply—100%.
Barracks and Yards—85%.
Canteen—80%.
Dispatchers—100%.
Administration Office—100%.
Ground School—100%.
Guards—95%.
Infirmary—100%.
Instructors—100%. 
Link—100%.
Maintenance—50%.
Parachute—67%.
Post Supply—100%.
Power Plant—100%.
Radio—75%.
Timekeeper—90%.

How does your Department
stand? Is it 100%, or is it a slack-
er, by comparison?

Strabismus Revealed

Now it can be told! While not an
absolute secret, the identity of
Strabismus, the chap who's done
all of those excellent articles
for this column, has not been known

Please turn over leaf
RIDDLE FIELD
Continued from Page 7
by everyone. Since Strabismus is a member of Class V, and is scheduled to leave shortly, we want to take this opportunity to give a lot of credit where a lot of credit is due.

Strabismus is Desmond W. Leslie of Class V. His very keen sense of humor and his ability to reproduce that humor in writing has been appreciated very much by the many readers of the FLY PAPER. We want to thank you very, very much, Mr. Leslie, for your great assistance in adding to the interest of this column. We’ll certainly miss you when you leave, but wish you great success in your future.

And so, we’re presenting for our “Man of the Week,” Mr. Desmond W. “Strabismus” Leslie, as written by his friend, Giff Rossi, of Blue Flight.

Desmond Leslie, Man of the Week

Chiefly responsible for current paper shortage is one Strabismus (in private life Desmond Leslie) whose weekly contributions have swelled Riddle Field section of the FLY PAPER for longer than we can remember. This, however, is shortly to be remedied if he continues to scrape through impending wings exam.

Six foot six and a natural humorist, he has been kept pretty busy accepting invitations in Miami and Palm Beach—must be stated however, that he is not above cashing in on his famous cousin where necessary—(Winston Churchill)

Each time he leaves on such a week-end, it is certain that he will find all the pleasures he dreamt of during the preceding five days, in which time he had developed acute “camposis.” But this never happens, for in spite of years of city life, he is still an idealist and things that are not what they promise, never seem to worry him.

Witness recent Palm Beach incident (reporter buried in sand and therefore invisible). Three quarters of an hour of marvelous Charles Boyer line—she says, “But Desmond, can’t we be friends?”—“Hello, no! I have too many friends and they all bore me anyway.”

Mr. Leslie is also noted for his long discussions with Riddle Tower on absolutely any subject from spery to ornithology (making rude remarks about swallow who always gets lost). He once flew D.C. 3 to New York City by bribing pilot with cap badge! Shh! (Nick thinks he lost it.)

Hobbies are music and the theater; had two plays before the footlights in Dublin. Graduated from Ampleforth, Trinity and Harry’s New York Bar (Paris). He eagerly soaks up experience, has hunger to know everything, to see all the faces in a room and to hear what each one is saying.

Below is pictured one of his famous week-ends—reporter and Strabismus spending night in a deserted beach hut—

Cadet Chatter
Yellow Flight got everyone’s attention this week, as the other Flights were on leave. But comes Monday, and the normal population at the Field will be back again.

We are glad to add Kenneth Miller to our staff of Associate Editors. Kenneth has assured us that he would keep Yellow Flight “in the news.”

Green Flight Tours the U. S.
The boys of Green Flight have plans to cover many parts of the United States this week if the transportation situation will allow it.

“Waddy” Watkins plans to visit his folks at Eglin Field, near Pensacola where his father, Col. Watkins, is stationed, after which he is going to Washington, D.C., his home, where he will visit friends.

We saw “JOCK” Birrell Saturday morning at the edge of Clewiston hitching a ride to New York, where he will visit his mother who is a resident there. Alfred McKay and Nelson Jay (a yank in the R.A.F.) have been planning a cross country trip from Ponca City, Okla. to Alburquerque, New Mexico. They are going to hitch to Nelson’s home in Ponca City, from where they will fly his plane to New Mexico.

Cadet Simes, also of Green flight, is going to New York.

“Boy” Loch and “Jock” Amos of Green flight, Tommy Rowland, Ray Dowlen, and Gerry Clark, of Blue flight, are going to visit our friend Mrs. Read at Sunset Beach, near St. Petersburg.

Ted Taylor and Robert Walsley are going to Key West via Miami.

Bill Morrison and Norman Thompsett, plan to visit New Orleans, the city they have heard so much about.

There are many other interesting trips being made in the state.

Cadets Tony Hawley and Robin Jones have gone to Canada. We hope they will be feeling better and can return soon.

Personal Prattle
They are calling Basic Instructor, Scottie McLachlan “Romeo.” We wonder why??

We always thought Leila Brannen, Canteen Mgr., to be a dignified young lady. Well, after looking at the picture snapped at the swimming pool recently, you might still call her a lady, but certainly not dignified!

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation
Victory Vacation Party
Every Saturday Afternoon and Evening
at
THE MACFADDEN DEAUVILLE HOTEL
Miami Beach, Florida
1 to 8 p.m.—SWIMMING AND RECREATIONAL GAMES
8 to 9 p.m.—BUFFET SUPPER
9 to 1 a.m.—DANCING, INSIDE AND OUT

Tickets Sold in the Deauville Lobby
$1.50 per couple, including supper; $1.00 per couple after 9 p.m.
(Special overnight rates for Embry-Riddle students and employees)
Bill Jacobs, who has been manager of Post Supply for the past 8 months is being transferred to the Radio Tower. Good Luck, Bill, Stella Laird, a waitress in the Canteen returned to work Sunday, after a two week vacation with her folks in DeFuniak Springs, Florida. Stella, we're glad to see you back and—hope you had a swell time.

The construction of the new link building is well under way. From all indications it is going to be another one of the swell buildings at Riddle Field.

Why do they call Basic Instructor Rosco Britton, "Swallow?"

Listening Out—Number Five

They're still talking about "Listening Out"—No. 5, which was published as a supplement to the FLY PAPER recently, edited by Desmond Leslie and Company. It certainly was excellent work and will be a high goal for succeeding graduating flights to aim at.

This flight left just a little sooner than we had expected, so we have not yet published a picture of their Course Commander and Section Leaders. However, practically all of the Course is having the FLY PAPER sent home, so we are publishing the picture in this issue.

Below, we see Section Leaders Moore, Course Commander Hollis and Section Leader Brooks of the former Red Flight.

Time Keeping Department

One of the busiest Departments in the organization here at Riddle Field is the Timekeeping Department. It is at this Department that all official flying times of Cadets are kept.

Head of this Department, and proud of his new office in the Tower is Johnny Pullen. Always insistent as to accurate and exact work, Johnny just recently inaugurated a new system to help eliminate errors in his Department. It works as follows—each employee is listed on a chart and each day, a block of the chart is colored to show the type of work done by that employee for that particular day. The various colors and their meanings are:

- Blue—Good Work;
- Red—Major Error—The one they weep about;
- Light Blue—Fair;
- Green—Minor Error.

This method of keeping tab on errors is a challenge to the employee to keep his record all Blue. Pictured below is Head Timekeeper, Johnny Pullen, with his employee's chart posted on the wall behind him:

CONGRATULATIONS to VAN H. BURGIN, Jr., who did a lot of flying in college last winter but waited until summer vacation to come to our Municipal Base and take his private flight test ... he did ... and he passed!

FLICK! INTERCONTINENT AIRCRAFT EMPLOYEES SOLVE GAS RATIONING PROBLEM

WHO IS LOS ANGELES FLY PAPER FRIEND?

In the past 10 days, Ye Editor has received 5 air mail letters from Los Angeles, all containing good contributions for the Fly Paper, all asking that we say "Hello" to Mr. and Mrs. Riddle ... and all being signed "Anonymous." Now who the dickens can that be?! We checked our mailing list and find that Los Angeles boasts only five people who get the Fly Paper every week: Carl R. Anderson, Pan American Airways, T. Higby Embry, Mrs. Frances Oak, Miss Margaret Tyson (G. Willie's sister) and Miss Pat Wappner.

Of that group we're betting our unknown correspondent is either Mr. Embry or Maggie Tyson. How's our guesswork, "Anonymous?"

Anyway, we do appreciate these contributions and will use some excerpts from the last letter; next week, a very clever cross-word puzzle made specially for Embry-Riddle:

Dear "Bud,"

Herein you'll find a few interesting articles that the "Fly Paper" boys might get a kick out of, and say, "Well, I'll be damned." Quoting from "S. Banga" and me.

To get 25 miles faster out of a 400 m.p.h. ship—the engine must be souped up ½ more horse power. The last year's 1000 horse power engine is obsolete, for the present day big bombers and fast fighters pack 2000 h.p., and that's just the beginning.

A little while back, a curious little ship made the P3's press to the limit to stay with it, while here in California, on a test— "Where is it now?" ask the west coast officials—and the British Air Commission won't tell—but the ship is the "British Spitfire," 1942 model.

In the Vega factory here near Hollywood, Calif.—one is apt to get lost in the mass of isles but a map of the interior will easily direct you—"Take MacArthur Blvd, to Pearl Harbor Drive; turn left at Bataan St., right to Burna Road," and there you are at Gate No. 7, Parking Lot 3.

You can count the pilots on your ten fingers who have flown at 40,000 feet, and the fighting level is now 30,000 feet. But it won't be long until the U.S.A. boys will be pulling the trigger at 40,000 if it becomes necessary—so says a certain "stratosphere" laboratory.

How big would a rocket ship have to be for a trip to the moon? Here is the present day answer—"The ship, one mile long—weight, 500,000 tons.

Our boys who are now working in deepest Africa, building air fields, are under a temperature of 158 degrees. These men, most of them, are the builders of Waco and Midway bases.

The Atlantic Ocean is just a pond to nine Pan American Airways captains—who have each flown six Atlantic crossings in 10 days.

"ANONYMOUS"

P. S. Regards to Mr. and Mrs. Riddle, please.
SEAPLANE BASE NEWS
by Bill Linkroom

O Solo Mio

“Bud” Brainard soloed last Thursday—and mostly. Bud deserves a lot of credit now that all the shouting and din has subsided. He accomplished in two weeks what many take two months to do. So, Bud returned to work in Washington with a new lease on life and a signature on his Student’s Pilot certificate.

Strictly Between Us

There was much ado about something ‘other day coming from the direction of Stabler’s classroom. We investigated and literally tripped over the cause of the commotion. It was Charlie’s new desk—smaller than a grand piano, but not much. In fact, a military committee has taken it under advisement for a possible third front. However, if desks are any incentive for working late at nights, Charlie has definitely proved his point. Corrine Philips located the desk for our “Professor” after much looking around. They seem to be scarce as rubber today.

Friday was a day to learn to fly. He has had a little time to date and now thinks that there is nothing to it—that is, yet! We are trying to “air-condition” our entire personnel here and most of them are taking time whenever they feel they can. Even Charlie Stabler flies about for fifteen minutes every few days to keep his license up to date.

Current Capers

Fred (And) Howe has a new tune he’s whistling called “Drifting and Dreaming.” In fact, the other day he all but handed the man on the Venetian Causeway a quarter for a round trip. Fred learned a lot about sailing without engine power. It’s “Anchors Aweigh” though for Fred from now on.

“Kitten” Connor our new Private student has soloed. Congrats are out to her. She reserves the distinction of being one of few people capable of stepping into a Cub without bending over. Petite is the word and one day now we fully expect to see “20” take-off at around 1500 R.P.M. with Kitten at the controls. Could be!

Taking a course with Stabler now is old Al Broome. Al, as few of you may know is one of World War I’s crack Pilots. He flew some of the old crates (fast at the time) in France and it is always a pleasure to get Al reminiscing about the “good old days.” Now Al is actively engaged in Civil Air Patrol work and is flying every day on missions which we understand are of the greatest value to Uncle Sam. A lot of credit is due Al and all the rest of our former fighter Pilots who are so actively engaged in “Keeping ’em flying.” There’s a niche for every pilot today—Al has found his.

For What Purpose

We claim one of the few bases where there is an added attraction of Marine life for our students to peruse in their spare moments. Schools of Porpoise play continually in our channel out front and Mullet flit gaily out of water as Jacks vainly try to catch them. Willie Whitehead was philosophizing one day. He said that the only thing he liked to do better than fishing on his day off was more fishing. “Sort of gives a fellow a chance to do some hard thinking, you see?” I guess catching the fish is just incidental, sort of a means to an end, Willie.

THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY
-THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY-

VISITING the Main Office on Monday were WARD BRINSON and LEILA BRANNON, from the Clowiston Base. Leila, manager of the Riddle Field Canteen, came down for a little “dual instruction” on canteen management at the Walgreen Drugstore in Miami.

Dorr Field, Arcadia.—Hiding behind that cigar, and in front of the Administration building, is the “No. 1 Man” of Dorr, Jerry “Stinky” Taylor. It seems that “Stinky’s” real middle name was censored by Miss Foster, but someone squealed on him. Just to keep you guessing, it begins with a “C”... but you’d better ask him!

-WE’LL RULE THE BLUE IN ’42-

Personalities in the Personnel

Did any of you know that Joe Simpson, Chief Store Clerk at Tech School, played big league hockey for 25 years; or that Gene Kelley, new Card Clerk, has had 185 professional fights; or that Charlie De Cretto drove one of those motorcycles that you see climbing hills in the newsreels.

Mfgs. Aircraft Assn., Inc. Attn: Mr. Murbach 30 Rockefeller Plaza New York, N. Y.

Sec. 562 P. L. & R.